

ALASKA

BRITISH COLUMBIA
• COAST SERVICE •
CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILWAY



This is a detailed historical map of the Pacific Northwest coast of North America, showing the coastline from Seattle in the south to Alaska in the north. The map includes numerous place names, islands, rivers, and geographical features. A compass rose is located on the right side, and the text "POOLE BROS. CHICAGO" is at the bottom left.

Geographical Features and Place Names:

- Coastline and Water Bodies:** The map shows the rugged coastline of the Pacific Northwest, including the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Puget Sound, and the numerous fjords and inlets along the coast.
- Islands and Archipelagos:** Numerous islands are labeled, including the San Juan Islands (e.g., San Juan, San Pedro), the San Juan de Fuca Islands (e.g., San Juan, San Pedro), and the Aleutian Islands (e.g., Adak, Agassiz, Agassiz).
- Rivers and Waterways:** Major rivers like the Columbia, Willamette, and Cowlitz are shown, along with numerous smaller rivers and streams.
- Place Names:** The map includes a wide range of place names, from major cities like Seattle, Tacoma, and Vancouver to smaller towns and villages. It also includes names of islands, bays, and inlets.
- Geographical Features:** The map shows various geographical features, including mountains, glaciers, and lakes. Notable features include Mount Rainier, Mount St. Helens, and the Cascade Range.
- Compass Rose:** A compass rose is located on the right side of the map, indicating the orientation of the map.
- Text:** The text "POOLE BROS. CHICAGO" is printed at the bottom left of the map.

SEATTLE

5770

BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST SERVICE

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Princess Sophia at Taku Glacier

FROM Vancouver, B. C., to Skagway, Alaska, is a thousand miles through the entrancing Inland Channel, winding between islands and the mainland as through a fairyland. The journey is made in the palatial, yacht-like "Princess" steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Ten days completes the double journey into this land of romance and back, and leaves the traveller at Vancouver to start the journey to the East through the magnificent passes of the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

Mystery, that is the keynote of the North — mystery and silence. And because of its mystery there will always be an attraction, something to draw men and to hold them. For it is no mere legend that the North calls back those who have once lived in the snows and the mountains and the summers, each perfect beyond description.

Many a man who has made his fortune has crept slowly and painfully back across the White Pass and sailed South to

enjoy life in former haunts, only to find that the North is calling again, that old friends have changed and gone, that the sweets of other days turn bitter in the mouth; they have sought happiness in ease and been baffled, until the call has grown irresistible, and they have returned to the North, which is ever changing yet ever the same, and found Home. They have cursed the land where they made their wealth, as men will, and yet it is back to the North that they return to find peace and happiness in the end. Go where one will throughout the world and talk to a man who has once lived in the Yukon, and one finds his mind turning back to the land of silence, just as the Mohammedan turns mind and face to Mecca.

Scarcely has one left Victoria or Vancouver than there dawns the feeling that here is a new life opening out. To the right is the mainland of British Columbia, to the left, the West, the island which takes its name from the intrepid

Gen/Sc/LP John Mappin Oct 1932 \$20.00



1916?



ALASKA

explorer who sailed into the unknown waters of the Pacific and found the mainland through an uncharted maze. To appreciate the work of Captain Vancouver it is necessary to travel over at least some of the ground that he covered. Today scarcely a sunken rock exists but it is charted, and big steamers journey with the utmost safety to waters which to the landsman would seem to bristle with dangers at every turn. To realize to the full the miracle of this thousand miles of navigation from Vancouver to Skagway, one should stand for an hour or so looking forward, picking out what seems the channel the ship will take and finding out how invariably one's guess is wrong. For it is not always the mainland which lies to the East. Often the mountains which tower up to the sky, almost from the very deck of the ship itself, are but islands; and other channels lie behind with countless bays and straits and narrow gorges running miles up into the mainland, twisting, turning, creeping forward and doubling back, till they put to shame the most intricate maze which Oriental mind ever devised. And of such is the whole route which finally creeps, as through the neck of a funnel, to the sands of Skagway.



No one who is talking to a friend who has visited San Francisco but will ask about the beauties of the Golden Gate. But here is the Golden Gate stretched out day after day, glorious not only at sunset but at sunrise too, and noonday glare. Each in its turn seems best, from the tender violet of early dawn to the scarlet streaks which light up the crimson and purple of the evening west. To see and appreciate it all one needs to be an early riser. Especially in the earlier months, when the snow is still upon the mountain tops, should one be up betimes to see the sunrise; at least once see the chaste whiteness of the snow change, become shadow flecked as the light creeps into valley after valley; see the rays of topaz light shoot up high into the heavens, and then suddenly, for a few moments before the sun creeps above the horizon, see the white turn to pure gold, gold turn into burnished copper, and then a soft golden rose blot out every other colour, reflecting the glory of the blazing crimson of the newborn day. That is a sight to make the veriest sluggard and lie-abed count the day well begun. High on the mountain tops the day is come, but in the valleys there is still darkness, and one fain would hush oneself with silence watching the subtle alchemy of light turning leaden night

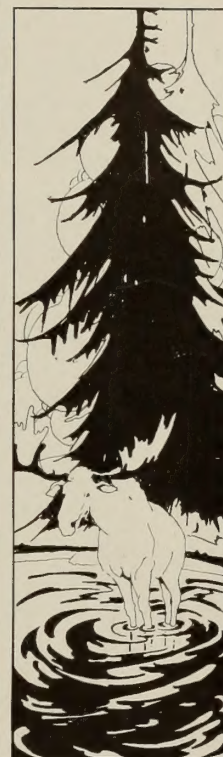
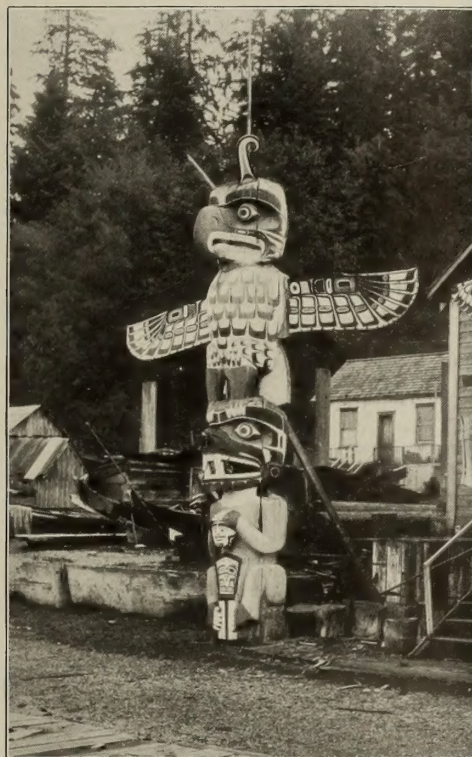
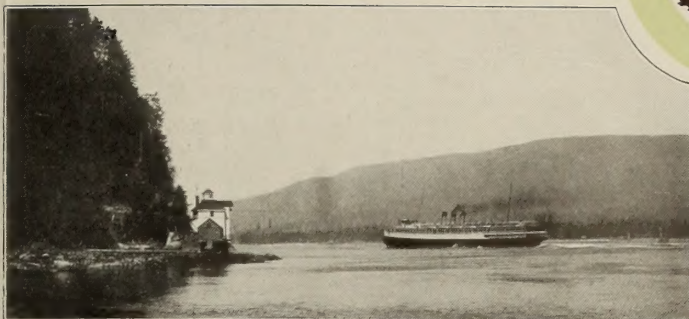
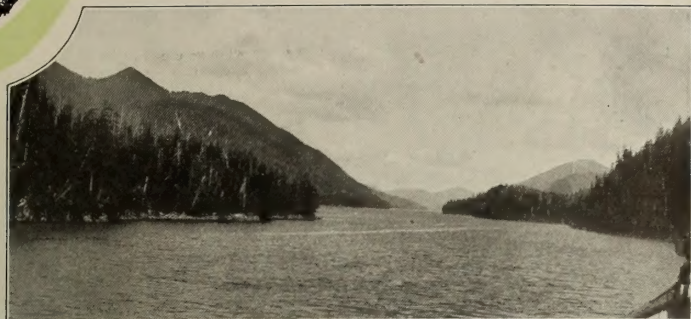
into life once more. High up the day is there; little by little the sun creeps higher, little by little the sun creeps down between the hills.

There is the day to spend wondering which is the more beautiful: the fleckless turquoise of a sky, cloudless from rim to rim, or the tender fleeces which gather round the mountains only to cast a light shadow, throw into greater relief the innumerable greens of the mountain side forests, and fade away again beneath the warmth of the sun.

To visit the Pacific Coast without making the journey through the inside channel to Alaska is like visiting India without seeing the Taj Mahal, or Egypt without seeing the Pyramids. Not a mile of the journey but has its point of interest. Here, indeed, is history, yet only history in the making. The rush to the Klondike seems as a thing of the far past, yet here all along the route are men who took part in that frenzied stampede for wealth. They are rather silent, these old-timers of the North. To hear the old reminiscences one needs to sit quietly until something starts the story unconsciously, and then there are stories to be heard, true stories too, which have never found their way into print because a public which will accept the prettily turned episodes of fiction has yet to learn to believe the amazing improbabilities of truth in these Northern lands where the arctic blizzard gives way, almost in a day, to full summer, and flowers bloom where the snow has scarcely had time to melt.

Nowhere is the scene the same, barely even similar, though everywhere it is composed of mountains rising abruptly from the sea. Islands innumerable guard the waters of the inside channel from the storms of the Pacific. In three places alone is the passage exposed to the ocean, at Queen Charlotte Sound, Millbank Sound, and at Dixon's Entrance, all three but short stretches quickly left behind. For the rest, it is as a ship sailing on an endless lake, sometimes a few miles wide and then narrowing down until one can almost throw a stone from the deck to either shore.

But amid all the splendour of the scenery one must still find time to remember the history which is written along this coast. Vancouver Island and the mainland behind Vancouver city team with it. Here the Honourable Company of Merchant Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay had their scattered posts into which the factors collected the skins from the Indians whom they had brought under their sway.



Klemtoo Pass

Sunset Off Comox, B. C.

Totem Poles, Alert Bay, B. C.

The Straits, Vancouver, with the Princess Charlotte

Sunset Near Alert Bay

ALASKA



All along the Fraser Valley, in Vancouver, Victoria, Nanaimo, and a score of other towns may be found old men, born in the Province of British Columbia, who have helped build up the territory from its oldest stages, from an outpost of empire to what it is today. Walk along the streets of Vancouver and Victoria, and one may read in their names the names of the men who laid the foundations or helped build on them to evolve order out of chaos.

At the first port of call after leaving Vancouver, the imagination will paint a picture of how Vancouver and Victoria the Magnificent were once as Alert Bay is today; and how short a time that was ago may be judged from the fact that only last year there died in the Isle of Wight one of the two men who jointly owned as homesteads, side by side, the site on which Vancouver stands today, with its skyscrapers and large population.

The observant has already had a view of totem poles as the ship has come North. Here at Alert Bay he has opportunity of examining them at close range, in all their weirdness of design. Side by side with them are modern industries. Salmon canneries are in full swing in the summer, packing the fish which goes across the whole world in ever increasing quantities

from the host of such canneries which lie alone the whole of the coast to the North.

The early riser will have seen the ship make the passage of the famous Seymour Narrows before reaching the upper waters between the island and the mainland. At this point the two come close together, making a narrow gorge split in two by the wicked looking Whale Back Rock. Here passage is only possible at certain stages of the tide, for the waters which mount up with the high tides pass through to fill the wider stretches of Discovery Passage and beyond, boiling in the rush or flowing out again as the water lowers till no ship can fight against its mill-race. When the tide is half run the water rushes through at an incredible speed and its roar can be heard miles away.

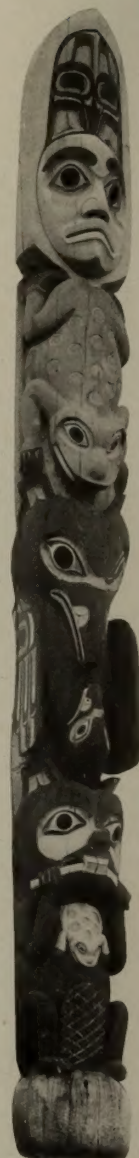
Apart from their own beauty there is a second reason why the voyager should see the Seymour Narrows. Later on he will come to the other Narrows at Wrangel Island and will be able to mark the contrast between the two. The first is soon passed, rugged, startling. The other is long, softer in outline, an epitome of the whole long journey to the North.

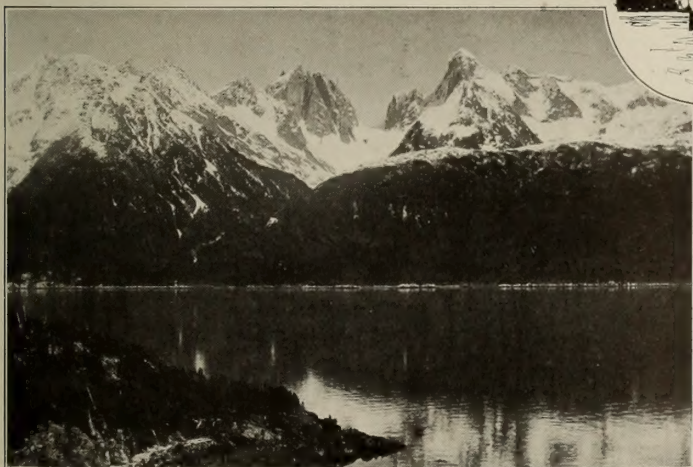
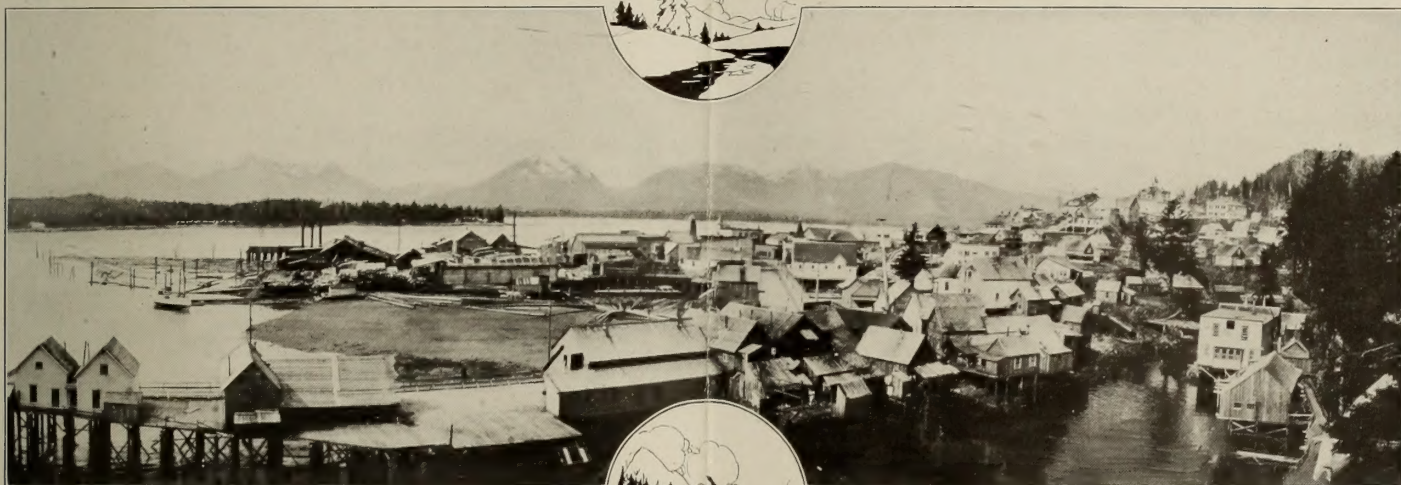
From Alert Bay the passage soon leads past Bella Bella and on to the open waters of Queen Charlotte Sound. To the North the ship again enters the channel between the mainland and the outer fringe of islands and so leads on to the deep, land-locked harbour of Prince Rupert, the Western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

The entrance to Prince Rupert harbour is from the South, the exit to the North; and here, in Dixon's Entrance, is the channel by which ocean steamers may approach the mainland at this point of the coast. Once Dixon's Entrance is left behind there is no more open sea, only an arm which stretches up into the very heart of Southeastern



Esquimaux Baby





150 Bear Skins, Wrangell, Alaska

View of Ketchikan, Alaska, Looking West Across Longass Narrows

On Lynn Canal, Alaska

Native Village, Petersburg, Alaska

Crittenden Creek Falls, Wrangell, Alaska

Alaska. Almost immediately after Prince Rupert Port Simpson is left to the East, and then the ship enters into United States waters.

Here history changes in its character. Here is Alaska, which only comparatively recently came under the sway of America. But a few years ago Alaska was a possession of Russia, which it so nearly joins at the Behring Straits. Traces of the Russian rule still remain. There is Sitka, the former capital; there is Petersburg, which keeps its name under Uncle Sam's Government, although its more famous namesake has now become Petrograd in honor of the Slavic tongue. A glance at the map will show the predominance of the Russian names in the towns and villages which scatter over the country with surprising frequency. Here is no longer tender beauty in the landscape, only rugged grandeur. Here are gathered a strange people, bred in every part of the world, yet all having one characteristic, hardihood and ability to work long and hard, almost unceasingly, for the fight with Nature here is no child's game. Scandinavian, British, Iclander, all are here; and, hence, in some future age, will come a new race, sturdy as the Norsemen, to write a new page in the history of the world.

From Prince Rupert the journey goes on to Ketchikan, the headquarters of a thriving fishing industry, and one of the chief customs centres in Alaska. The city is typical of all these settlements along this coast. Standing on an island, it has many an advantage which a mainland point misses. On the one side it has deep water, on the other mountain and river and lake, so that its water supply comes gushing to waste through its pipes and a huge surplus is left above all that will ever be needed for domestic use to supply the city with electric light. Here are more fish canneries, and usually there is time for the visitor to go out to see the salmon crowding up the creeks and rivers, struggling in a fierce rush in which thousands are killed, so that they may reach the safety of the upper waters in which to deposit their spawn.

From Ketchikan the way leads on through the Wrangell Narrows, mile after mile of a winding way through Paradise. The narrow channel is marked with buoys and beacons, shining white in the sun, with varying beams at night when the lamps shine out. Here a long vista is marked only at the end with a single light; in other places the twists of the channel, even more tortuous than the surface would indicate, are marked with half a dozen points within half a mile. In the narrow waters the vessel slows down perceptibly, and more than ever it is like a voyage on some pleasure yacht journeying only to places where the eye may be delighted.

Beyond the Narrows lies Juneau, on the Gastineau Channel, capital of Alaska, and site of one of the most famous

gold mines in the world. The Treadwell mine actually lies across the channel, and is a mighty mountain of ore which is being continuously dug away. Recently another great mine has come into existence, and as one goes North the stamp house can be seen built into the side of the precipitous face of the mountain, with rail tracks to carry down the ore from the tunnels which cut into the heart of the mound.

Standing on the deck of the ship and looking up at the mountain, it is cause for amazement that a city could ever be built here. Yet nothing is missing. Standing out boldly against the side of the hill is the capitol, and around it gather the business and residential houses of the city, the two districts overlapping in parts yet still fairly well and distinctly divided.

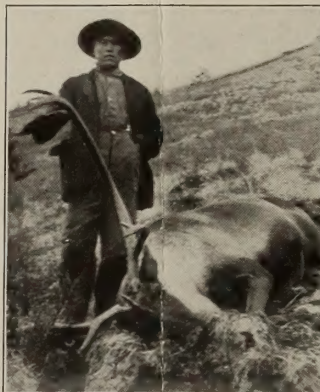
Every minute can be well occupied in Juneau. During the voyage from Wrangell, it has seemed as if all real civilization must now have been left behind. But here is electric light, steam and gasoline launches puffing busily about the harbour, the ubiquitous "movie" house is close to the wharf, there is a livery stable and even an engineering works where major repairs to automobiles come in side by side with more pretentious demands.

And, then, eight hours north is Skagway. Leaving the Gastineau Channel, one enters into a wide bay leading on to the last passage through the mountains which grow ever steeper and more narrowing till the sands of Skagway are reached beneath a sheer precipice. Here is another modern town, and one which has loomed large in the history of the North. When the gold rush started to the Yukon in 1896 the landing was made at Dyea, which lies at the North of the other bay or canal which completes the Lynn

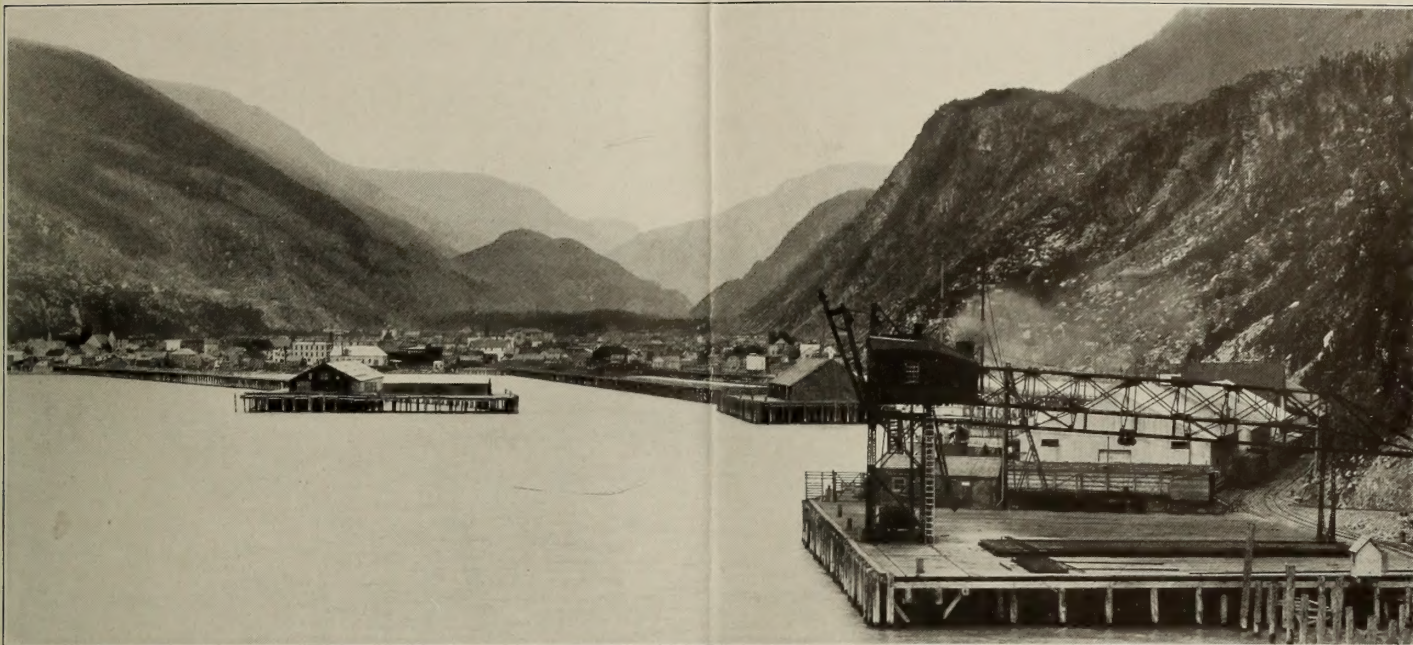
Canal. From Dyea the trail led over the dangerous Caribou Pass, but word came of the discovery of the White Pass, and in a day fifteen thousand people left Dyea for Skagway, and in a day a big city had grown where before was chiefly swamp.

Today Skagway boasts scarcely a thousand souls, but in the eight years of its life it has crowded in enough incident to provide volumes for the historian. All have read of the famous gambling hells with which the town was once infested, and none should fail to make the four-mile journey out to the old cemetery where lies the body of "Soapy" Smith, the famous Boss of the town, half outlaw, half political heeler. The Sylvester Wharf still stands, half a ruin now, to mark the place where "Soapy" Smith was shot, and the day when the sober citizens of Skagway decided to reform the town, which was suffering from its evil reputation.

Skagway, once the wildest, wickedest town in the world, is now a model of propriety. Beyond still lies much of romance, reached over the romantic rails of the White Pass



Worth Hunting



Skagway, Alaska

Railway. A short climb up the steep hill of the Pass, and the train has reached the summit, and indeed one seems to be at the very roof of the world.

And then the journey back through a thousand miles of loveliness yielding fresh beauties, things unseen, unsuspected in the Northern journey, creeping up around every twist and turn of the channel. Verily, with such scenery it is the shortest thousand miles in the world, and the call of the North is there, and most who have made the journey once come back again, if only once.

White Pass and Yukon Route

Those who have time may prefer to continue their journey over the White Pass and Yukon Route, returning by a lake route. Leaving the summit, the salt tang of the sea is left behind and our nostrils are filled with the sweetness of lake and mountain air. Lake Bennett is a long narrow sheet of blue, bounded by mountains of old rose color. As the train approaches Canton, the traveller crosses the most northerly swing bridge on the American Continent, over the outlet of Lake Bennett into Nares Lake. Lewes and other little lakes are found and then Miles Canyon and the White Horse Rapids — the romance of '97.

As we stand on the brink of this world-famed gorge, pictures of the old days rise before our eyes. Bold adventurers on rafts and in ill-built boats were whirled into the swift, dangerous waters, in their mad rush to the Klondike.

In White Horse — about an hour's walk distant — the faint, continuous roar of the rapids reaches the ear quite

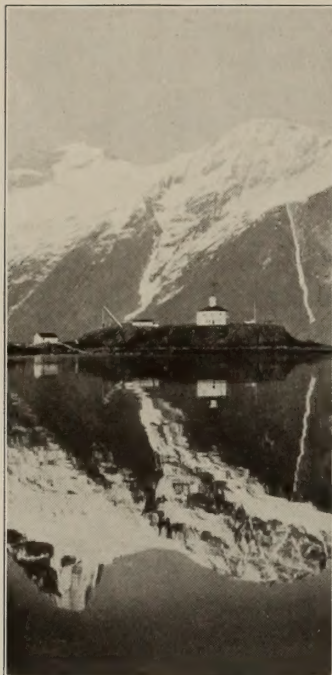
plainly on still days. White Horse is a busy little city located on the west bank of Fifty-Mile River (which is also known as the Lewes River and sometimes termed the Upper Yukon). Near by there are very interesting copper mines. As at Skagway, there are excellent hotel accommodations. It is the terminus of the Railway Division of the White Pass & Yukon Route — the point of departure for the magnificent trip down the Yukon to Dawson.

Giant towers and bastion-like projections of red rock stand sentinel along the western shore of Lake Labarge — while on the east, great, gray, rounded hills of limestone, veined and shaded with the green of spruce, alternate with deep wooded valleys and the picturesque mouths of rivers.

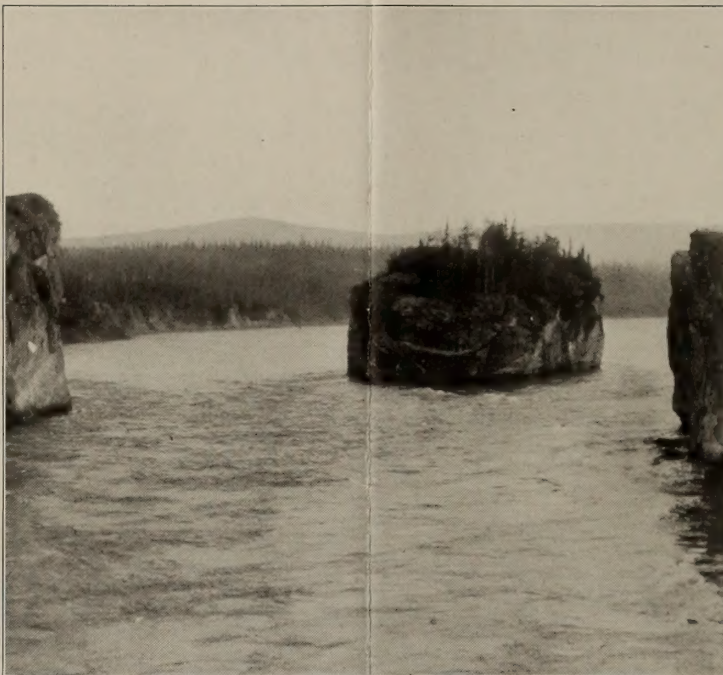
On through the splendid scenery of Thirty-Mile River and the Lewes, we come to one of the most thrilling experiences of the entire trip — the shooting of Five-Finger Rapids. Here the river narrows to 150 yards. Five great hulks of stone rise to a height of forty or fifty feet. The waters rush foaming between. Our steamer, guided by its skillful pilot, glides swiftly through, almost touching the stone walls in its passage.

Rink Rapids, six miles below, gives a second experience of this exciting form of navigation. At Fort Selkirk begins the Yukon River proper — which is formed by the union of the Lewes and the Pelly.

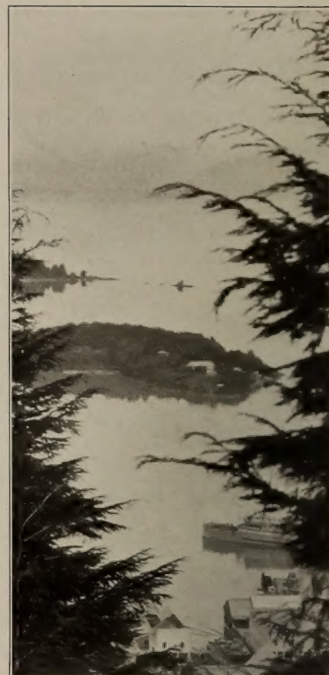
The surging waters have cut through the lower spurs of a great mountain range. For a hundred and fifty miles the steamer plies this route of ever-changing scenic grandeur.



Eldred Rock, Lynn Canal



Five Fingers Rapids on Yukon Halfway Between
White Horse and Dawson



Wrangell Narrows

Winding around and between countless islands, at times running close under the lee of huge granite cliffs — now passing the swift foaming White River, where it mingles with the Yukon — then Stewart River and Indian River — there is not a single mile of the way but holds vivid interest.

Dawson is an up-to-date, well built and well regulated city with many fine homes. There are several good hotels. Mining is still the chief industry.

To St. Michael and Nome

Those who can afford the time will find the trip down the Yukon to St. Michael, an island off the mouth of the Yukon, and thence on to Nome, an interesting trip which can be made in perfect comfort by the steamers of the American Yukon Navigation Company. En route the Arctic Circle is crossed and recrossed. Fairbanks, one mile from Dawson, is the chief town in the interior of Alaska and owes its prosperity to gold. Beautiful gardens and wonderful vegetables show also that Fairbanks can grow things. Between Tanana and St. Michael the steamer passes many interesting Indian villages. From St. Michael to Nome the voyage is by ocean steamer.

To Atlin

From Skagway to Caribou, and from thence through a chain of sapphire lakes, mountain and forest-girt, eighty

miles to Atlin — there is a rare jewel of a trip! The cost is moderate and it takes but little time — but there is more of sheer beauty packed into that short distance than can be found in any other place in the world.

Winding through Nares or Tagish Lake the steamer traverses Windy Arm to enter Taku Arm, a beautiful sheet of water, almost completely shut in by the most inspiring mountain scenery. A splendid view is afforded of Jubilee Mountain, which reaches its snow-crowned head thousands of feet into the clouds. After steaming through beautiful Golden Gate and up Taku Inlet, the boat makes a landing at Taku, where a short portage by rail along the bank of roaring Atlin River brings the tourist to Atlin Lake. It is six miles by steamer across this wonderful lake to the little city of Atlin, the base of supplies for the richest hydraulic mining camp in British Columbia.

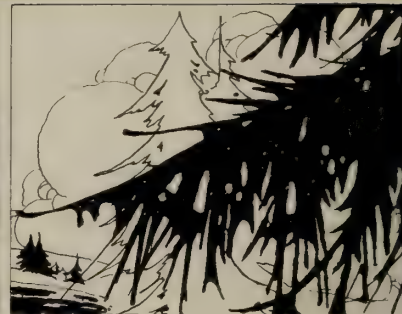
There is an indescribable tonic effect in the Atlin climate that will eventually make it one of the world's greatest summer health resorts. There are numerous interesting side trips. A stage ride of a few miles over a smooth gravel road, up Pine Creek to Pine City or Discovery, affords an opportunity for inspecting hydraulic mining operations at close range. Within a short distance are beautiful Pine Creek Falls and Surprise Lake — a surprise indeed in its mystic Northland beauty.



Skagway Harbor
 Lovett's Gulch, on Bonanza Creek, Klondyke,
 Yukon. Hydraulic Mining
 Street in Juneau, Alaska

Flowers and Ice, Stikine River, Alaska
 On the Yukon
 Treadwell Mines, Juneau, Alaska





S. S. Princess Charlotte

Notes on Steamers, Customs and Baggage

	‡*Princess Alice	‡*Princess Sophia	‡*Princess Charlotte
Gross tonnage.....	3099.22	2319.88	3844
Net tonnage.....	1903.80	1465.94	1999
Length.....	289	245	330
Width.....	46	44	46.7
Depth.....	17	18	23.7

*Wireless telegraph. ‡Burn oil fuel.

FROM	To	HOURS	Nautical Miles
Vancouver.....	Alert Bay.....	14	183
Alert Bay.....	Prince Rupert.....	22	287
Prince Rupert.....	Ketchikan.....	8	101
Ketchikan.....	Wrangel.....	7	99
Wrangel.....	Juneau.....	11	148
Juneau.....	Skagway.....	8	100

A nautical mile is equivalent to 1.15 statute miles.

Sailings are from Victoria, B. C., at 11 p. m. every Friday and from Vancouver, B. C., at 9 p. m. every Saturday during June, July and August, with an additional sailing every Tuesday from Victoria and Wednesday from Vancouver at same hours in July.

Passengers should provide themselves with a good, warm top coat. The general weather is very fine and warm, but a good covering for the evening or a damp day is very desirable. The Company does not supply steamer rugs. A travelling rug is very desirable although not absolutely necessary. However, lady passengers generally derive much comfort from a good steamer rug. The Company does not supply the regulation ocean liner deck chair, but supplies comfortable camp chairs with backs free of charge.

The meals provided on Alaska steamers are breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and in addition a cold supper is served in the dining saloon at night without extra charge.

Victrolas with a suitable supply of records are placed on Canadian Pacific Steamers to Alaska.

Passengers entering Alaska from Canada are required to pass the customary United States Immigration inspection at Ketchikan, the port of entry. This inspection is not strict so far as bona fide tourists are concerned. Passengers will be asked by purser for certain information regarding age, place of residence, business, etc., for use in making up the manifest required by the Immigration Department, and will be given a card by him. This card is presented by holder

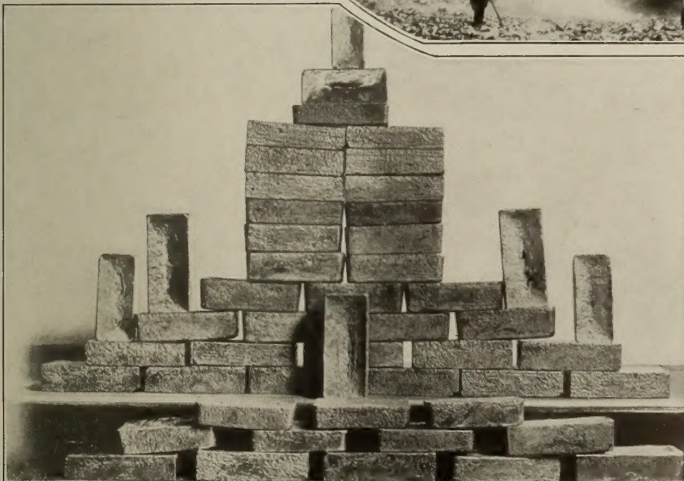
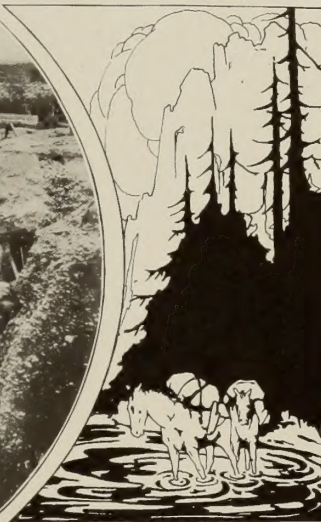
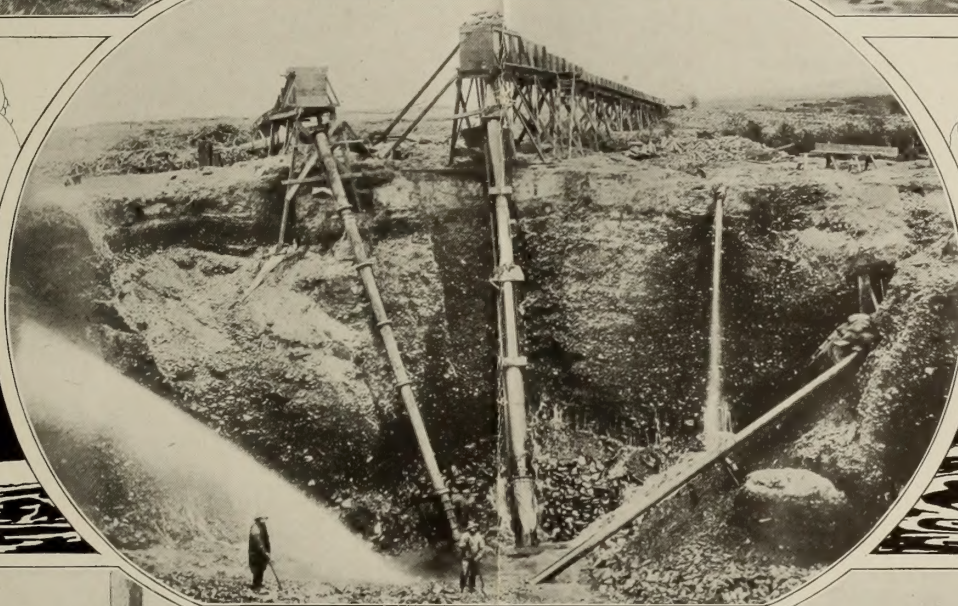
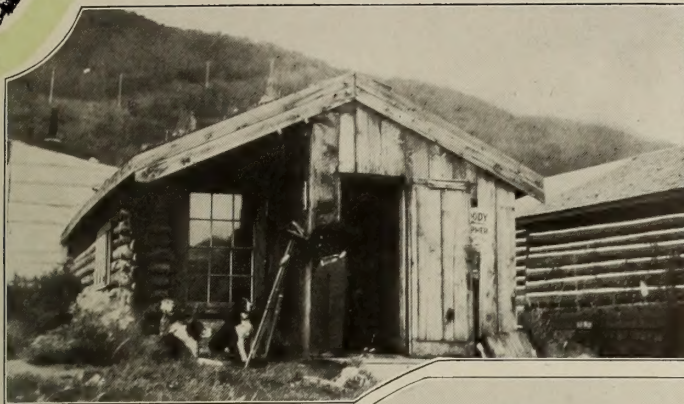
to immigration inspector, who boards steamer on arrival at Ketchikan, and as soon as particulars shown by purser on manifest are checked by the inspector, the passenger is permitted to go ashore. There is a similar inspection by the Canadian Immigration Department on arrival of steamer southbound at Prince Rupert. These inspections are largely formal so far as tourists are concerned.

The usual free allowance of one hundred and fifty (150) pounds of baggage will be granted on whole tickets, and seventy-five (75) pounds on half tickets, with customary additional charge on any excess weight. Steamer trunks, if intended for use in staterooms, must not be more than fourteen inches in height. Any steamer trunk of ordinary width and length can be placed under lower berth if the height given is not exceeded.

Baggage may be checked through from Seattle to Skagway, and if not required en route may be forwarded under bond to avoid necessity of customs inspection. If baggage is required en route it should be checked to Victoria or Vancouver only and presented for Canadian Customs inspection before boarding steamer for Alaska. U. S. Customs inspection will also be necessary at Ketchikan, the first port of entry into Alaska.

Canadian Customs baggage inspection will be made at Prince Rupert and U. S. Customs inspection at Vancouver (if passenger is travelling east via Canadian Pacific Railway) or at Seattle. Baggage checked from Vancouver or Victoria to Skagway will be inspected by U. S. Customs officers at Ketchikan, or may be bonded if desired.

Baggage can be checked through from Puget Sound and British Columbia ports to Atlin or Dawson, via the White Pass & Yukon Route, without undergoing inspection by Customs officers at Skagway, provided passengers hold through tickets, and after it is once checked at starting point passengers are not annoyed by Customs inspection or re-checking until arrival at destination, where all baggage from United States points is subject to inspection. Baggage originating at British Columbia points can be corded and sealed and sent through Alaska in bond without inspection. Baggage originating at United States ports destined to points in Alaska on the lower Yukon River below Dawson can go through to destination in bond without inspection.



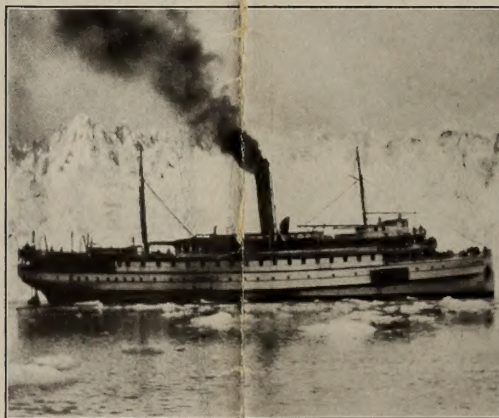
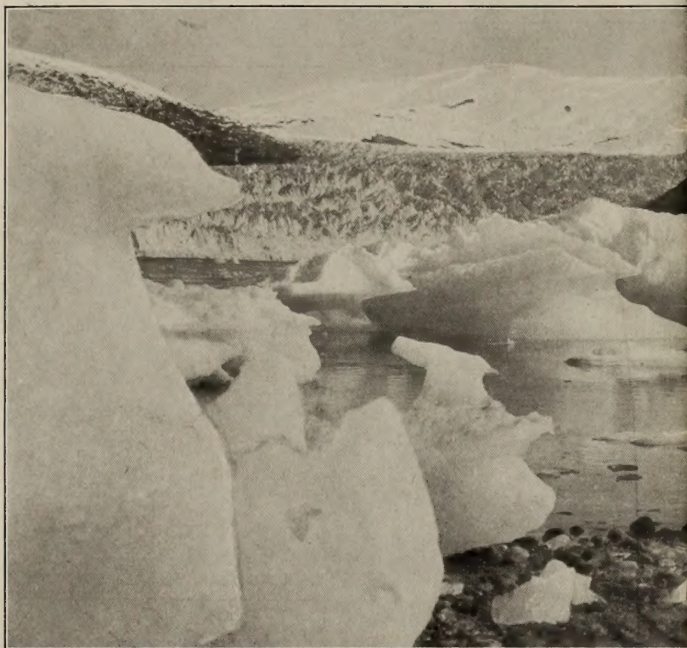
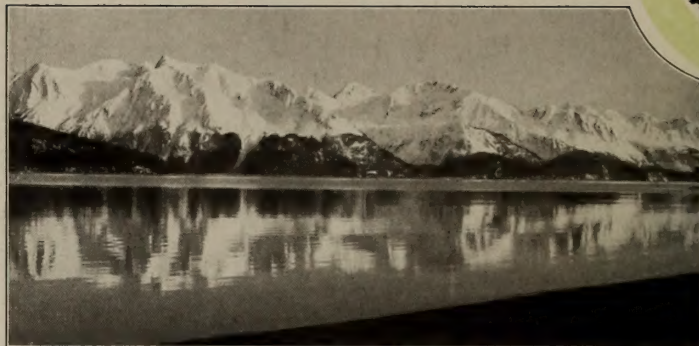
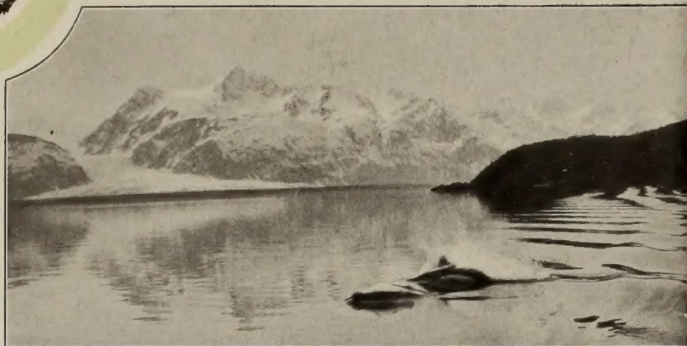
A Miner's Cabin

\$1,000,000.00 in Alaska Gold

Hydraulic Lift

Gold Panning

Alaska Nuggets from Anvil Creek, Nome



Taku Glacier and Porpoises
"Flirting in Alaska," Taku Glacier

Taku Glacier
Taku Glacier

Resurrection Bay, Alaska
Davidson Glacier, Alaska

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

OFFICERS OF THE TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT C. M. BOSWORTH, Vice-President, Montreal

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C. E. MCPHERSON.....	Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager.....	Winnipeg
W. H. SNELL.....	General Passenger Agent.....	Montreal
G. A. WALTON.....	General Passenger Agent.....	Winnipeg
H. W. BRODIE.....	General Passenger Agent.....	Vancouver
H. E. MACDONNELL.....	Assistant Freight Traffic Manager.....	Montreal
W. B. LANIGAN.....	Assistant Freight Traffic Manager.....	Winnipeg
H. E. DRING.....	General Passenger Agent.....	London, Eng.
GEO. C. WELLS.....	Assistant to Pass. Traffic Manager.....	Montreal
A. O. SEYMOUR.....	General Tourist Agent.....	Montreal
J. O. APPS.....	General Baggage Agent.....	Montreal
J. M. GIBBON.....	General Publicity Agent.....	Montreal

AGENCIES

Auckland.....	N. Z.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.)..	
Belfast.....	IRELAND	Wm. McCalla, Agent.....	41 Victoria St.
Bellingham.....	WASH.	W. H. Gordon, Freight and Pass. Agt.....	113 West Holly St.
Birmingham.....	ENG.	W. T. Treadaway, Agent.....	4 Victoria Square
Boston.....	MASS.	E. F. L. Sturdee, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	332 Washington St.
Brandon.....	MAN.	J. A. McDonald, District Passenger Agent.....	
Brisbane.....	QD.	Macdonald Hamilton & Coy.....	
Bristol.....	ENG.	A. S. Ray, Agent.....	18 St. Augustine's Parade
Brockville.....	ONT.	Geo. E. McGlade, City Ticket Agent.....	Cor. King St. and Court House Ave.
Buffalo.....	N. Y.	L. R. Hart, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.....	302 Main St.
Calcutta.....	INDIA.	Thos. Cook & Son.....	9 Old Court House St.
		Gillanders, Arbutnot & Co.....	
Calgary.....	ALTA.	Robert Dawson, District Pass. Agent.....	113 Can. Pac. Stn. Bldg.
Canton.....	CHINA.	Jardine, Matheson & Co.....	
Chicago.....	ILL.	T. J. Wall, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	224 South Clark St.
Cincinnati.....	OHIO.	M. E. Malone, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	436 Walnut St.
Cleveland.....	OHIO.	Geo. A. Clifford, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	213 Euclid Ave.
Detroit.....	MICH.	A. E. Edmonds, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	7 Fort St. West
Duluth.....	MINN.	Jas. Maney, G.P.A., D.S.S. & A. Ry.....	Fidelity Building
Edmonton.....	ALTA.	Chas. S. Fyfe, City Ticket Agent.....	145 Jasper Ave. East
Everett.....	WASH.	A. B. Winter, Ticket Agent.....	1515 Hewitt Ave.
Fort William.....	ONT.	A. J. Boreham, City Pass. Agent.....	404 Victoria Ave.
Glasgow.....	SCOTLAND.	Thos. Russell, Agent.....	120 St. Vincent St.
Halifax.....	N.S.	J. D. Chipman, City Pass. and Frt. Agt.....	37 George St.
Hamilton.....	ONT.	A. Craig, City Pass. Agent.....	Cor. King and James Sts.
Hong Kong.....		P. D. Sutherland, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept., C.P.O.S., Ltd.	
Honolulu.....	H.I.	Theo. H. Davies & Co.....	
Kansas City.....	MO.	K. A. Cook, Traveling Pass. Agent.....	442 Sheldley Bldg.
Kingston.....	ONT.	F. Conway, City Frt. and Pass. Agent.....	
Kobe.....	JAPAN.	J. D. Abell, Agent C.P.O.S., Ltd.....	1 Bund
Liverpool.....	ENG.	Thomas McNell, Agent.....	Royal Liver. Bldg., Pier Head
			62-65 Charing Cross
London.....	ENG.	H. G. Dring, Gen. Pass. Agt.....	S. W., and 67-68 King
		T. J. Smith, Gen. Freight Agent.....	William St., E. C.
London.....	ONT.	H. J. McCallum, City Pass. Agent.....	161 Dundas St.
Los Angeles.....	CAL.	A. A. Polhamus, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	708 South Spring St.
Melbourne.....	AUS.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.).....	Thos. Cook & Son
Milwaukee.....	WIS.	F. T. Sansom, (Soo Line) Passenger Agent.....	100 Wisconsin St.
Minneapolis.....	MINN.	R. S. Elworthy, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	402 Nicollet Ave.
Montreal.....	QUE.	A. E. Lalande, City Pass. Agent.....	141-145 St. James St.
Nagasaki.....	JAPAN.	Holme, Ringer & Co.....	
Nelson.....	B.C.	J. S. Carter, District Pass. Agent.....	
		F. R. Perry, General Agt., Pass. Dept.....	1231 Broadway cor.
New York.....	N. Y.	G. O. Walton, City Pass. Agent.....	1231 Broadway 30th St.
		International Sleeping Car Co.....	281 Fifth Ave.
Ottawa.....	ONT.	T. Mullins, City Passenger Agent.....	42 Sparks St.
Paris.....	FRANCE.	Aug. Caton, Agent.....	1 Rue Scribe
Philadelphia.....	PA.	R. C. Clayton, City Pass. Agent.....	629 & 631 Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh.....	PA.	C. L. Williams, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	340 Sixth Ave.
Portland.....	ME.	Leon W. Merritt, T. A., Maine Cent. Rd.....	Union Depot
Portland.....	ORE.	J. V. Murphy, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	55 Third St.
Quebec.....	QUE.	G. J. P. Moore, City Pass. Agt.....	30 St. John Street, cor. Palace Hill
Regina.....	SASK.	J. E. Proctor, District Pass. Agent.....	1812 Scarth Street
Sault Ste. Marie.....	ONT.	H. J. Moorehouse, City Pass. Agent.....	
Sault Ste. Marie.....	MICH.	W. J. Atchison, City Pass. Agent.....	224 Ashmun Street
St. John.....	N.B.	M. E. Murphy, District Pass. Agent.....	40 and 42 King St.
St. Louis.....	MO.	E. L. Sheehan, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	725 Olive St.
St. Paul.....	MINN.	B. E. Smeed, City Pass. Agt., Soo Line.....	379 Robert St.
San Francisco.....	CAL.	F. L. Nason, G.A.P.D.....	645 Market St.
Seattle.....	WASH.	E. E. Penn, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept.....	713 Second Avenue
Shanghai.....	CHINA.	A. J. Blaisdell, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.....	C.P.O.S. Ltd.
Sherbrooke.....	QUE.	E. H. Sewell, City Pass. Agt.....	74 Wellington St.
Spokane.....	WASH.	W. H. Deacon, City Pass. Agt.....	603 Sprague Ave.
Sydney.....	AUS.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.).....	
Tacoma.....	WASH.	H. M. Beyers, City Passenger Agent.....	1113 Pacific Ave.
		W. B. Howard, District Pass. Agent.....	
Toronto.....	ONT.	Wm. Fulton, Asst. Dist. Pass. Agt.....	1 King East
		I. E. Suckling, Asst. Dist. Pass. Agent.....	
Vancouver.....	B.C.	J. Moe, City Passenger Agent.....	434 Hastings St. West
Victoria.....	B.C.	L. D. Chetham, City Pass. Agent.....	1102 Government St.
Washington.....	D.C.	C. E. Phelps, City Pass. Agt.....	1419 N. Y. Ave.
Winnipeg.....	MAN.	A. G. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agt.....	Main and Portage Ave.
Yokohama.....	JAPAN.	G. M. Jackson, G.A.P.D. C.P.O.S. Ltd.....	14 Bund.

C. E. E. USSHER, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Canadian Pacific Railway,
Montreal

ALASKA



BRITISH COLUMBIA
• COAST SERVICE •
CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILWAY